

Voices Of Theory

"Klap Your Hands"

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Verse One: Dray

Well uhh, ???? is macaroni and cheese
Before I start, I gots ta umm fart, no I gots ta uhh
sneeze
not, I gotcha trippin, yippity-doo-da-day
Shucks, I'm makin bucks so umm hip-hip-hooray and
then some
Cos I'm a powsy wowsy ace boom coon
so shout "Wa-bap-a-loo-ba-bawa-bam-boom!"
Drayx up for sure dang, now that I'm flexed
My a-EFX'll quote, when the bridge fell down
and I'ma good ship with the lollipop
Left town so yiggity-yack, you booga-loo black
Oki doki, oopsy Daisy, cos I'm Krayzie like that
But it's the cat got snuffed, or Mr.Red and his crew
so roll a spliff and rub-a-dub and then ya make beef
stew
Troop, I got the hoolahoop, baby woop, dooby-doo
Lassie boy, you made a mess, now go and get the
pooper scoop
Oops, I wibble-wobble-wobble-wee while I make
but hocus-pocus and yippy-yi-yo, yay for Dray and.....

Hook:

"Klap your hands now" (x3)

Verse Two: Skoob

Bon voyage, look out below cos umm
I got my socks on, the popcorn, the Hubba Bubba, yep
gum
Skippity bum, you think I don't know the time
Well it's half-past a cow's ass and I'm a real bad ass
Yeah, shitty-bang-boom-bang, yo who rang?
Abra-cadabra, jimminy crickets, set the wrists to my
slang
I got the knights all sniffin, sneezing, yes
Stuffy-head, called for ???? and fever, sow you to rest
Tight rhymes, ???? catch the fever for the flavor of a

spliff
or a Uzi, be careful who you choose, could choose a
Marvin, choose a ship
Lickity split, cos flippity-lips can sink ships
And yo, a sandwich isn't a snadwich without the miracle
whip
in the morning, yawning as I stand for group check
To back up, I slap up, r-r-rut put you're boo deck
Yep, so what the heck, you gives rhymes like a cheque
Because the A is for apple, the J is for 'ja back to book
bets'
and then S-K-double O-Be on *?mansel?*So if ya happy and ya know it, klap your hands

Hook (x3)

Verse Three: Dray

Well uhh, wopty doody, abba doozy, it's time
I'm on the yabber dabber, scribber scrabber, shimmy
sham flam
So, heavens-to-Betsy, golly wolly, gee whiz
My lickity split got splat, the diddly squat was hot
Oh yeah, dapper doodly do, you don't know Mr.
Magoo?
You heard I'm loco, well yo, I'm despicable too
So umm, hi ho Silver and away we go
The Lone Ranger got pissed and shot Tonto in his toes,
so
holy toledo, cowabunga, what gives
I heard you shot my borough til *?blow at twins?*The name farmer's up in me, need no give me no more
cos that soul lock ya stands, I can't stands no more
So zippity doo, da day, woops I gots stuff
See I'm sneaky freaky peaky plus I'm chock full of nuts
But yo I am enjoyed for the clamp in his chest
So hey, how much wood could a woodchuck chuck?
If a woodchuck could chuck, fuck you know the rest
So seizin it, seizin it, seizin it I shall
Cos it's the Krayzie Drayzie wit the Books, that's my pal
and.....

Hook (x3)

Verse Four: Skoob

A diggity-cap, my slipp'ry style is ???? ????
I got the mics, the back pop, crackle and snap
and all that, me and a gang of PING PING bang zoomer
To freak ya outcha sneakers and knock your granny
outta roomers

Yo some say I'm Brooklyn bomber, some say Brooklyn
boop
but don't consider me as no follower, no runner or no
poop
But just rock, a by, rock, a by booboo
Let your fingers do the walkin, hey I'm talkin, yoohoo
Can ya, can ya hear me? Checka, checka 1-2
Aiyo, sit Booboo sit, shit cos I'm the one who
kick a rhyme in singular, so son, you're used to it
Cos Poof the Magic Dragon, I'll kick a rhyme in
duplicate
or triplicate, can't forget my boogaloo big jaw
Umm, listen everyone as I kick the jigsaw
M-I-crooked letter, crooked letter, I
crooked letter, crooked letter, I hump back
hump back, I, you can't touch I
cos I's gots dem and dem is bound to make ya.....

Hook to fade

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